

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

HELP.

What matter if the world seems fair.
Or shadowed o'er with gloom;
Whether to us the soil looks bare,
Or fragrant with spring's bloom.
We always have a chance to make
Another's life more bright;
New hope in tired hearts to wake,
On dark paths cast some light.

Though to the child we chance to meet,
Who daily piles her task—
That task—to walk the crowded street,
The stranger's help to ask,—
Of coin we may have little store
To give, for her distress,
We may do what she will prize more:
Her heart with kind words bless.

Ah! who shall say they live in vain,
Who might do so much task—
Who can help sinners to regain
Lost man or woman-kind.
No wealth could give so pure a bliss,—
No naught prove a greater dower,
No other blessing equals this—
The Christian's helpful power.

STORY TELLER.

THE LITTLE BOOK-KEEPER.

"Coward!"

There was a ring of infinite scorn in the voice, and the little book-keeper reeled and shrank under it. He felt his insignificance more than if never before. Why could he not be a man among men? He had uttered this question mentally a hundred times, but he never felt his littleness as he did that night when that one word of contempt and scorn fell from the full red lips of Janet Lyon.

She was the acknowledged belle of the Muskegon valley, the daughter of the senior member of the firm of Lyon, Haight & Co. Janet was not a child of fashion, but a strong, healthy child of the pine woods. Muskegon was the end of the world to her, and at the time of which we write was a small village, with no connection with the outside world. It was yet the lumberopolis of Western Michigan and rapidly growing in importance.

It was at a dance in a log house near Maple Top that Mark Farnham received the rebuke described. A great, hulking logger had trodden on the skirt of Janet's cashmere and ripped it at the waist. The logger merely said "Bless the dress," and went on with his dancing.

"The insulting puppy!" exclaimed Janet with flushed cheeks. And then, a minute later, she turned on Mark Farnham, her escort, a little, pale-faced fellow, with mild blue eyes and effeminate cast of countenance, with the one word that opens our sketch.

What would she have him do? Too well the pale little book-keeper knew the backwoods code. It was his duty to insist on an apology from the bulky logger, or flog him for his insolence. This Mark Farnham was not able to do. He knew the man who had insulted Janet as a bully and hard pet from near the dam, a village on the river some miles from Maple Top.

"There's no use having any trouble," said Mark. "If the fellow troubles you again I'll settle with him."

"Oh, the idea!" exclaimed Janet. "I think the next time I go out in company it will be with a man," and she turned her back on the little book-keeper and began relating her troubles to a group of girls near by. The "set" was disarranged by the incident, and another couple was called on to fill up the gap, and then the dance went on as though nothing had happened.

Mark Farnham noticed indignant glances turned toward him by the backwoods lasses, and knew that the word coward was repeated from lip to lip.

"I wonder if Janet would be better satisfied if I should offer myself a sacrifice on the altar of her offended dignity. I might get my head knocked off, but what would be the use? I'll see that Dumite and make him apologize, if I die the next minute."

But the little book-keeper was not permitted the privilege of receiving a thrashing for Janet Lyon's sake. A new-comer had appeared upon the scene in the person of Richard Wellington, a magnificent picture of muscular development, with the dress and air of a gentleman. He was Lyon, Haight & Co.'s foreman in the great mill at Muskegon, and a primo favorite with the senior member of the firm.

"The coward permitted that ruffian, River Dan, to insult me grossly. It'll be a long time before I am seen in his company again, I can tell you that," Janet was saying, as she passed the little book-keeper leaning on the arm of Mr. Wellington.

it began paying out rapidly, when "Where is the fellow now?" questioned Wellington.

"Never mind. I do not care to see him again. Let it drop."

"But I will punish the scoundrel as he deserves. No man shall insult you while I am around, Janet."

"No, no," and the fair girl clung to the arm of her Apollo-like companion. "It is not your quarrel, Dick. I shan't permit you to make trouble now. I know if you had been in Mark Farnham's place you would have promptly knocked the ruffian down. I was so ashamed of him. He is a little coward."

Again that word. It cuts like a knife, and the pallid little book-keeper never before felt his utter insignificance as he did this night. He was glad when the dance came to an end. But Janet was already tucked under the robes in Dick Wellington's cutter when Farnham went for her to ride back with him. Another insult. The pallid cheeks of the little book-keeper held two spots of flame as he went alone to his cutter.

"Goin' past the dam, ain't ye?" A stalwart form, in red shirt and overalls, loomed up before the book-keeper in the moonlight.

Farnham at once recognized the man who had caused him such extreme humiliation this night.

"I am going past the dam," admitted Farnham.

"Alone?"

"I expect so."

"Mebbe you'd take a passenger?"

"Certainly; get in."

The huge bully thrust himself under the robe. Farnham seated himself beside him, and then they went spinning away over the openings at a rapid rate.

"Twas you with that high-strung Lyon gal, wa'n't it?"

"Yes," admitted the book-keeper.

"She looked mad enough when I trod on her dress. Such trails I don't admire nohow. No sensible gal would wear 'em to a dance; but then I've been thinkin' I didn't to the square thing to-night, cap, so when you see the gal again just tell her I'm sorry I tore her dress; I didn't go for to do it nohow. You'll tell her?"

Farnham said that he would. River Dan was garrulous, and did most of the talking, and the little book-keeper felt that under his rough manners the giant riverman had a good heart after all.

"You see, I'd been takin' too many drinks, was what ailed me, cap. I wouldn't insult no respectable gal for nuthin' in the world."

The explanation and apology were ample, and all this had come about without bad blood, a row and bloody faces. On the whole, Farnham, felt that he had pursued the wisest course, after all.

The little book-keeper left River Dan at the dam and finished his journey to Oxbow alone.

Mr. Lyon made no mention of the trouble at the dance to his book-keeper. His daughter gave an account of her escort's cowardice, but the lumberman failed to take that interest his daughter desired.

The foreman came often to Oxbow, and Janet and the handsome Apollo were much together. The loggers coupled the names of the two, and intimated that Dick would feather his nest before long. The little book-keeper heard, but remained silent. He could discuss a subject that was of a most not painful nature to him. He believed Janet cared something for him, until that affair at the Maple Top dance. From that time she had cut him off. He had pride, as well as the belle of the Muskegon, and from that fatal night they met as strangers.

The pallor of the little book-keeper's face seemed to deepen. His eyes were hollow, and his cheeks sunken. He attended business devotedly, and no one noticed any change in little Mark Farnham.

The winter passed. Late in March the ice in the river began to move. Soon a tremendous roaring filled the ears of the citizens of Oxbow. People gathered on the bank to see the ice go out. It was a grand sight, as the huge cakes, nearly a foot in thickness, went crashing down over the dam with a mighty seething, grinding roar.

On with irresistible fury swept the mighty mass, hurled with tremendous fury by the rapidly-rising waters which the warm spring rains had augmented to a mighty flood. Close behind the ice came a mighty jam of pine logs. The river was fast clogging, and a huge jam was formed against the dam which had lately been built across the river.

"A jam must not be permitted to

form there," cried John Lyon, as he saw the rolling and tumbling mass of logs halting, choking the river on the brink of the dam.

Among those gathered on the bank was River Dan from the dam.

"Get yer pick-levers, boys!" he cried in a loud voice.

The logs had already formed a jam, and men in red shirts, with picks and peevies, were flocking to the dangerous jam, working with might and main to keep the mighty mass of pine moving.

The female portion of Oxbow was out watching the movements of the red-shirts. Right in the centre of the river, not far from where the water boiled and seethed over the dam, was Dick Wellington, giving orders in a stentorian voice. It was a dangerous place, and Janet Lyon's cheek blanched as she saw him.

The logs on the further shore were kept moving, and the current of the river swept that way with the fury of an avalanche. The red-shirts had been working an hour with desperate energy, and many of them were exhausted.

"Go ashore, boys, and get a lunch; the greatest danger is past; Wellington and I will hold the fort until you return."

It was Mr. Lyon who spoke. He had gone to the centre of the river with the coolness of an old log-driver. The men obeyed. The greater part of the logs had passed, and the principal danger being over. Half the river was yet blocked with logs piled to a great height, forming a jam that looked impregnable.

Scarcely had the last man reached the shore, when a wild cry rose above the roar of the foaming water:

"My God! The whole jam is going!"

Then with a loud cracking, a terrific roar, the logs went with a mighty rush over the dam on the Oxbow shore.

"Good heaven! they are lost!"

This cry went up, as all eyes were turned upon Mr. Lyon and his foreman, now the only occupants of the jam. It did seem as though they were doomed, but they were saved for the time as by a miracle. In the centre of the dam a few of the logs held firm, soon all had swept through but this bit of jam in the middle of the stream. An expanse of foaming water boiled past on either side, and the narrow jam swayed and trembled as it hung suspended over the dam. Below, ten feet, was a sea of foam, where, the water, in pouring over the dam, was lashed to wild fury on the rocks and stones.

Both men felt the awful danger, almost certain death, that stared them in the face.

"There's no chance for them fellows; they're gone as gone, that's sartin," uttered River Dan.

A pallid-cheeked girl, with streaming hair, reached the water's edge and stood with out-stretched hands appealing to strong men for help. No one moved.

"Are you all cowards?" she cried, facing the multitude. Brawny men with red shirts were there, but none moved at the appeal from the girl's blanched lips.

"No use, miss," said River Dan. "That ar jam won't last many minutes. Nobody kin help 'em; they're goners, sure."

"Take yonder canoe and go to the rescue."

Janet would have rushed to the rescue herself had not strong arms held her back. Weak, moaning, almost fainting, the girl pleaded in vain.

"No use; a boat would go over in a jiffy. Them fellows can't be saved."

"There is one chance in a hundred."

A low voice uttered the words, and Janet saw a slender form glide past toward a small Indian canoe that rested on the bank. About the man's arm was a coil of rope. When the man gained the foaming edge of the water he swung his arm aloft and cried:

"Some of you take an end of this rope. I am going to rescue those men if possible."

"Godness! it's the little bookkeeper!"

"He'll drown, sure."

But Mark Farnham heeded not the comments of the crowd. He seemed to realize that time was precious, and at once pushed the light ashcan canoe into the river. Seizing the paddle, and fixing his rope so that it would pay out from between his knees, the little bookkeeper began paddling up the stream. Strong hands had grasped the end of the rope and

Farnham turned and shot swiftly into the centre of the stream.

He managed so that the canoe came down on the upper side of the swaying jam. Instantly the canoe was sucked under the lost, but Farnham sprang to the surface of the logs, rope in hand, and quickly made one end fast to an upright log.

"Quick, Mr. Lyon! There's no time to lose."

The mill-owner remonstrated, and urged the book-keeper to go ahead; this he absolutely refused to do.

Mr. Lyon went forward, grasped the rope and passed, hand over hand, to the shore. A great shout went up when he landed.

Next came Dick Wellington. He was heavy, and the rope sagged boldly. Farnham felt the jam tremble at each surge of the foreman's body. Suddenly the log to which the rope was attached gave away and fell. Instantly the rope flew far out into the stream. Dick was near the shore and was rescued.

The little book-keeper stood alone on the jam, which was now trembling and threatening to fall to pieces. Farnham's face blanched. He seemed to realize that he was doomed.

"Another canoe, quick! Go back, Dick Wellington, and save Mr. Farnham!"

It was Janet who spoke, but the dripping Apollo turned away with a shudder.

"Not for a farm would I risk my life out yonder again."

He was not called upon to do so.

A great crash and roar sickened the crowd on shore. The jam, with its lone occupant, had disappeared!

"The man is past all earthly help."

It was Dr. Gould who uttered the words as he rose from contemplating the battered, bleeding form on the sand.

From below the dam the little book-keeper had been dragged from the river, bleeding and insensible. He lay at the feet of Janet Lyon, who bent with streaming eyes above the dripping body.

"Speak to me, Mark, speak!" moaned the belle. The white lids unclosed and a pair of blue eyes looking into the face of the kneeling girl. A smile touched the purple lips.

"I loved him—Dick Wellington? I knew you loved him; it was for your sake, Janet. I know you will forgive me for being a coward now."

"Oh, Mark! Mark!"

A faint tremor moved his frame as the girl attempted to raise the little book-keeper's head. A moment later she held a dead weight in her arms. The great soul of Mark Farnham had gone from the small body forever.

Oxbow did itself proud at the funeral of the little book-keeper, and one genuine mourner there was, at least, the belle of the Muskegon. When Dick Wellington asked for her hand two months later, he met with a cold refusal. Some people wondered why Janet Lyon never married. Does the reader wonder?

A New Use for Trade Dollars.

A new use has been found for the much abused trade dollar by an enterprising jeweler. He takes the despised coin and makes it into such shapes as he can without destroying its identity. Some of the designs are copyrighted, just as a publisher would copyright a book, to keep the sharks and guerrillas of the trade from stealing them.

"Here is one," said the dealer, producing what appeared to be a new specimen of the coin, "designed for a pocket piece. The piece is split and hollowed out so that a picture can be placed in it. The pieces fit together so perfectly that no one would ever suspect the use to which it has been adapted. Here is a match-box made of four of the dollars. You see the coins, although split so that both surfaces show on the faces of the design, are so bent and worked into shape that their outlines are undisturbed. Nothing else enters into the composition of the box but the hinge."

Another curiosity shown was a cigarette case made of coins of various denominations—dimes, quarters, half-dollars, and trade-dollars, welded on to a silver base of alligator skin design, and so oxidized that the coins seem a century old.

"Is there no law against putting the coin to such use?" inquired the reporter.

"You can do as you please with United States money if you do not attempt to counterfeit it or try to pass it after you have mutilated or

otherwise tinkered it. Speaking of counterfeiting reminds me of a friend in the same line. He conceived the idea of making a cigarette case out of gold and enamel to resemble a roll of bills."

AN UNDERGROUND EXPRESS.

SENDING MESSAGES THROUGH PNEUMATIC TUBES.

The system of dispatching messages to comparatively long distances through pneumatic tubes has been operated by the Western Union Telegraph company for about four months, and its perfect success is assured. It is intended to make the system the centre of an intricate pneumatic railway which shall connect every Western Union office in this city. Specifications have already been made to complete this ingenious purpose, which will be carried through with all convenient speed. The general scheme of transmitting messages through a tube by means of air pressure is not new, and has been for years successfully practiced between the Dey street office of the company and the newspapers offices. But the particular methods embraced in this new system have many original features.

A trench from four to six feet beneath the surface of the street connects the Western Union office at Broadway and Dey street with their uptown office at Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street. This site was formerly occupied by the old brownstone mansion long known as the Peckham homestead. It was bought by the company a little over two years ago and is intended for a distribution office for a large territory above Fourteenth street. Work began upon the trench which runs through Broadway about eighteen months ago, during the strike of the telegraph employees. The trench contains six tubes. Four about six inches in diameter. The brass tubes are designed for the pneumatic service. Two run without interruption from the operator's room in the top floor in the Dey street building to the basement of the Twenty-third street office. The other two are used for conveying messages to intermediate offices. The iron tubes are filled with telegraph wires already laid but not connected, to be used in cases of extraordinary business pressure. For transmission the messages are put into a leather box, cylindrical in shape, which fits the tube easily, capped at each point with flanges that make it air tight.

In the basement of each building there are four engines of 250 horse-power each. These engines work the tubes, one in each building being connected with each tube. When the box of messages is slipped into the tube, one engine exhausts the air in the pipe before it and the other pumps air in the pipe behind it, and the box whizzes through at the rate of a mile a minute. About fifty separate messages are sent with every box, though it will hold one hundred. The tube is laid in sections of twenty feet, and elongations and contractions of the metal by changes of temperature are carefully provided for. In some places the closeness of the New York Steam Heating Company's pipes has made this allowance especially necessary. A small joint is inserted at points which will admit of an expansion in every eight hundred feet of pipe of two inches. Some time ago one of the steam pipes sprung a leak and the brass tubes became so hot that they could not be handled.

This incident caused the greatest expansion yet observed, which was an inch and three quarters in the eight hundred feet of tubing.

The tubes, if worked to their greatest capacity, can transmit ten boxes or a thousand messages, each minute. Packages may be sent as well as paper messages, or any thing else that can be got into the box. The direct tubes will not admit of any stoppages short of the terminal stations, but if messages are designed for way stations that are connected with the other two tubes, the operator at the dispatching office informs the operator at the receiving office by an electric bell.

The receiving operator swings the section of the tube above him to one side thus breaking the connection. He replaces it with a glass face to stop the suction, and a wire screen to stop the box at its end. His station is connected by a curved tube that comes up out of the street, and by the time he has completed these changes the box is before him and he reopens the tube. His system of reversible stop-covers that catch the boxes up just at the right station is

something new in mechanical achievements.

Air-tight collars protect the points where the sections of the tubing join. At distances of about 400 feet a man-hole is sunk into the trench and workmen may descend and make such repairs as are needed from time to time. Injuries to the pipe which impair its operation may be placed by passing a box through it connected with a rope at each end. In connecting the terminal station—which cost something more than \$100,000,—76,400 feet of tubing is used. The cost of the engines, air-pumps and compressors is about as much more. The pressure of air in the compressed tank is thirty pounds to the square inch, and the perfection of the machinery has been shown by an experiment which proves the exhaust to be twenty-eight and one-half inches, almost a actual vacuum.—*New York Tribune.*

Words of Wisdom.

The more you say, the less people remember.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thoughts.

The plant of happiness cannot thrive without the air of cheerfulness. The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

Make friends with your creditors, if you can, but never make a creditor of your friend.

The harvest gathered in the fields of the past is to be brought home for the use of the present.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy, and villainess for wit.

Promise made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

The misery of illness is as manifest in high life as in the rags and filth of extreme poverty.

Deprive the people of the means of proper subsistence, and you enslave and destroy the nation.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

We should be as cheerful of our words as of our actions, and as from speaking ill as from doing ill.

For a gold currency the people are being encouraged to sacrifice their goods, their liberties, their children and themselves.

Gold and silver would be better as mere medals of commerce than as fluctuating legal tenders in the hands of speculators.

Give no quarter to those vices which are of thine inward family, and having a root in temper plead a right and propriety in thee.

To avenge one's self is to confess that one has been wounded; but it is not the part of a noble mind to be wounded by an injury.

Who is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

Those that would be safe have need to be suspicious of the tempter. The garrison that sounds a parley is not far from being surrendered.

He who expresses in his conduct justice and charity accomplishes the most beautiful works: the good man is, in his way, the greatest of all artists.

Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion: what a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate.

It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire, but we become one with what we love.

The foundation of good labor in any sphere is a good man, and all that is done to give breadth, depth and fullness to him will react in ultimate improvement upon his work.

Knowledge must be made vital in the heart before it can blossom into conduct, and the continual passing of right feeling in right action alone can form a worthy character.

Men who complain most loudly about the inequalities of the human lot are generally a little blind to those great stores of wealth and blessings that no class can monopolize, and no wealth can buy.

The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; the will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry of the world, or in the slough of indolence.

Leaves are light, and useless, and wavering, and changeable, and even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak; in so doing he has given

us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within because we see the lightness of the outside.

The Sleep of Children.

This is scarcely a secondary matter to food and dress. We know how few days one can retain their reason or life if sleep be utterly prevented. There are fearful old tales of deaths from this torture alone.

Firstly, children, at least a nervous child, should sleep alone. Its stronger bedfellow draws upon its strength in some as yet unexplained manner, and one will be too hot and the other too cold with the same blankets.

An aged or a weary person also exhausts the vitality of a child. In most elegant homes we see the double beds being replaced by two single ones, side by side. The change has wrought incredible marvels in the health and temper of children.

Again, all children and most adults should have beds which yield to the body. Children are much more likely to suffer in this regard, their prettiest cradles and cribs often having slat or stiff wicker bottoms which would make even our stronger muscles ache. Twice as long sleeps would they take and wake smiling, did we give them the most elastic woven spiral wire with not too heavy a bed atop.

The old-fashioned cord-bottomed bedsteads were poorly replaced by any slats or cheap springs; or the light stir-up-able straw beds by their modern substitutes of moss, cotton, excelsior or indeed tied mattresses of any sort except curled hair. The English have followed none of these cheap fashions of misery, and indeed, every thrifty English, Irish, German or Scandinavian girl emigrant used to bring her feather bed, knowing that a bed must yield to support all parts of the body to rest it.

A hair mattress in two parts weighing a little more than thirty pounds, over a feather bed on a woven wire mattress is the ideal bed. The single wire mattress costs but three dollars, and with merely a comforter is better than the average children's bed.

A nice cradle or crib bottom can be made of a piece of the woven wire tacked on, or of elastic webbing tacked across at distances of four inches. If beds are not yielding, children will lie on their backs, heating them much more than is feared in a soft bed. If the clothing is fitly loosened and removed, as should be even in day naps the longer naps and the freedom from taking cold through perspired clothing when awakened will amply compensate in time for the few minutes spent.—*Boston Traveler.*

A Bear Ridden Like a Horse.

People living in the neighborhood of new Chinatown witnessed a novel sight yesterday, when a Chinaman went galloping along the streets on the back of a monster bear, which was going at a pretty lively rate. Old Bruin was bridled and saddled in regular fashion, and his slant-eyed rider wore a heavy pair of spurs. The rider and his steed halted in the main street of the Chinese quarters, and the bear was led through one of the stores back into a little shed. Learning of the curious riding animal, a *Chronicle* representative went to new Chinatown to see it and the rider. The bear was found to be of the black species, and was a regular Jumbo in size, standing nearly as high as a cow. In conversation with the owner, it was learned that he had captured his bear when it was a small cub; that he carried it to his cabin, cared for it tenderly, and when it grew large enough he trained it to draw a small wagon and to perform numerous tricks. The bear has always been well treated, and runs about as it pleases; but always returns to its master when called, just as an intelligent dog would. When the bear became strong, the Chinaman began riding him, and never had any trouble. He now rides him whenever he goes hunting and fishing, and finds the brute a better companion than a dog, for he will go into water and bring out game, or carry to his owner ducks or quails he has killed. The Chinaman lives near the Ten-mile House, on the Humboldt road, and yesterday was his first trip to Chico with his trick bear.—*Chico (Cal) Chronicle.*

Twenty-five hundred different kinds of poisonous fish have been tabulated by the Tokio university of Japan. Fishing must be sometimes dangerous pastime in Japan waters.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Our day of publication has several times this year fallen upon holidays, but this time it is issued upon the eve of the day of days to all who believe in Christ and Christianity. One of the greatest blessings that has been vouchsafed to the deaf and dumb is the opportunity for religious teaching and religious worship that year by year extends its area of work and influence. As will be seen by referring to the religious notices in this issue, appropriate services will be held for deaf-mutes on Christmas Day, at which they can join in praise and prayer, and render up their glad homage to Him whose natal day they celebrate.

The deaf-mutes throughout the land have enjoyed a year of unprecedented prosperity, to judge by the records kept in this paper, and the JOURNAL, which continues to progress in accordance with the upward march of the standard of deaf-mute intelligence, has made a big stride forward during the year 1885. This is the closing number of Volume XIV, and when the next issue greets our readers, Father Time will have reaped the old year into the past and the sun will have shone upon the new-fledged youngster 1886. Until then, we bid adieu, wishing all of our readers a "Merry Christmas."

It is seldom that the deaf-mutes of New York have a chance to enjoy a pantomimic entertainment and to afterwards "trip the light fantastic toe," without paying a double fee of admission. On Tuesday evening next, in one of the most fashionable thoroughfares and in one of the most sumptuous halls that New York City can boast, the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union will entertain all who purchase the necessary pasteboard, with a dramatic performance and a reception. In regard to the theatrical part, some of the deaf-mutes may have formed the impression that it will be what is termed a "barn-storming" affair. But we have the best authority for stating that it will be a performance that will reflect credit upon the ingenuity and talent of those who take part, and we hope that proper appreciation and encouragement will be given by a large attendance, and that all who can will be in their seats before the curtain rises.

The balls and entertainments gotten up by deaf-mutes seldom receive the patronage which they deserve. We do not mean to say that they fail to be successful from a financial point of view. The fact is, they generally bring in a fair profit. But the number of deaf-mutes who stay away is always several times greater than the number who attend. Let us have a change this time, and let the stay-at-homes be in the minority. We venture to say that there is not one man among those who take an active part in the entertainment to occur on the 29th, who ever has refused to help along entertainments managed by others. Such being the case, let all the "silent" population of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Yonkers, and other places near the Island of Manhattan, proceed in a body and make the entertainment in the Lexington Avenue Opera House such a monster meeting as never was before.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., will deliver a lecture at the rooms of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, 193 Grand Street, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 30th, at 8 o'clock. All mutes and their friends are invited to attend. Admission ten cents. C. E. GREEN, Secretary.

ITEMIZER.

Mr. Adolphus Hankinson, the deaf-mute shoemaker, of Freehold, N. J., is the happy father of a son, born November 26th.

Mr. Edward J. Reddy, of Newburyport, Mass., works in the Brush Factory. He is doing very well. He was educated at the Buffalo Institution. He has a deaf-mute brother and two deaf-mute sisters.

Mrs. H. L. Juhring, of 171 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, would be pleased to have her friends call on New Year's day and evening. She will be ably assisted by a number of ladies, and her friends are sure to have a right royal welcome and a jolly good time.

J. F. Donnelly, Chairman of the recent ball of the Brooklyn Sunday School Association, writes to say that he wishes parties who sold tickets to return same or cash. He has written to several delinquents, but received no response. His address is 56 Raymond Street, Brooklyn. He also desires to refute the statement that the ball was a failure financially. It was a success—socially and financially—reports to the contrary notwithstanding. So successful that the Christmas tree party by the ladies is the result.

The item in last week's JOURNAL, in respect to the Christmas Tree Party, in which it was stated that admission would be by invitation only, is slightly incorrect. Invitations are extended to those whose presence is specially desired. Any one who knows how to behave is at liberty to attend. The place where the entertainment comes off is St. Charles School House Hall, Sidney Place and Livingston Street, Brooklyn, from 2:30 till 10 p.m. The exercises connected with tree are expected to be over by 7.

Gallaudet's Birthday in Boston.

The anniversary of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet's birthday was celebrated at Alpha Hall, Boston. The affair was under the management of the Bay State Mission. It was expected that Rev. Mr. Mann would lecture, but a letter was received from him, expressing his regret that he could not attend.

Mr. William Bailey was introduced and did the work nobly. He spoke in praise of Rev. Gallaudet that through his efforts, the mutes owed all the educational advantages, that he was the founder of the American Asylum at Hartford. His remarks received much applause.

Other remarks were made by Mr. Orcutt and the president.

At the close of which the company sat down to a good repast. The remainder of the evening was spent in a social way. The attendance was fair, but which would without doubt have been very large, had the evening not been very stormy. The proceeds (\$10.93) of the evening entertainment will be turned over to the Gallaudet Monument Fund.

Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN No. 8.

KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D. C., December 19, 1885.

(The Committee appointed by the Empire State Association to raise \$1,500 as New York State's contribution to the fund, reports the following amounts received, which are in the custody of the Treasurer of the Committee, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, and will be handed to the National Treasurer when \$1,500 has been secured.)

S. P. Cornelius, 50
L. R. Allen's Lecture under the auspices of the Brooklyn Society, \$10.50
Through E. Souvenne (\$5.50),
(R. M. Patterson, collector.)

R. M. Patterson, Brooklyn, \$2.00
Lewis McGowan, New York, 1.00
Mrs. Clarkson, Brooklyn, 1.00
Wm. England, " 25
Pat. Malley, " 25
James McKingney, " 25
C. C. Halsey, " 25
F. W. Stutz, " 25
Cash, " 25
Smith, " 25
Fronton Bros., " 25
Daniel F. Callahan, " 25

Through E. Souvenne (\$4.75),
(J. F. O'Neil, collector.)

J. F. O'Neil, Brooklyn, \$1.00
Miss Mary Williams, " 50
" Katie Coligan, " 1.00
" Katie O'Reilly, " 50
A. E. Robins, " 50
John McLaughlin, " 25
L. J. Fogarty, Flushing, L. I. 50
Mrs. Emma O'Neil, Whitehall, 50

W. O. Fitzgerald, 2.00

Through S. M. Brown (\$7.00)

Mrs. E. Brown, \$5.00
Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Brown, 2.00

Through B. R. Allabough (\$18.00)

E. Tapeout, \$1.00
J. J. Martin, 1.00
F. Zimmermann, 1.00
Fred. H. Vail, 1.00
A. Grundy, 1.00
R. A. Maxwell, 1.00
C. C. Halsey, 1.00
Chas. S. Hawes, 1.00
Pelham W. Warren, 1.00
Jas. H. Burnside, 1.00
Fred. W. Bond, 1.00
R. A. Peunman, 1.00
T. W. Bener, 1.00
B. R. Allabough, 5.00

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet's lecture under the auspices of the Empire State Committee 27.50

Cash already reported 75.75

Total Cash in hand 105.75

Total 181.50

Edward J. Hannan, Washington, D. C., through James H. Clond, \$2.00

Abraham Hart, Chicago, through Harry R. Hart, 10.00

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, St. Louis, Mo., through its treasurer, Ashbel N. Merrell, 25.00

T. S. Marr, Nashville, Tenn., through T. S. Marr, Jr., 5.00

John Donnell, Washington, through C. K. W. Strong, 25.00

The Bay State Christian Mission, Boston, Mass., through E. W. Friesel, President, A. W. Orcutt, Secretary, 11.00

T. A. Kiesel, Washington, through A. F. Adams, 5.00

Charles M. Merrick, Washington, D. C., through the same, 50

(Through Wm. H. Weeks, Hartford, Conn., \$62.75.)

Pupils of the Institution, 52.50

And Mrs. W. H. Weeks, 25.00

George Smith, 1.00

Other mute friends of the cause in Hartford, 7.25

Total receipts of the week, 146.25

Cash already reported, 280.16

Total cash in treasurer's hands, 426.41

New York receipts reported above, 181.50

Mr. Hunt's note, 20.00

Total assets, \$607.91

A. G. DRAPER, Treasurer.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Before the Holidays.

CHANGING THE CLIMATE OF NORTH AMERICA.

Minor Paragraphs.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

With the Christmas vacation within sight the mind of the average student is apt to harbor an unusual variety of thoughts. What presents should I give my friends, and what will they give me? He asks such questions, not because there are few things to do or to give, but because there are so many, that the difficulty is which to choose. But while he thus goes off into reverie, he is suddenly awakened to a sense of the fact that, before he can enjoy his holidays, his presents and his pleasant plans, he must account for how he has used his time and opportunity during the past three months. Another vision comes before his mind. He sees a large room, nearly square, fairly lighted, and usually cold enough to make him long for a game of football. Round the room are tables, naked tables of the plainest description, without even a drawer in which to smuggle a piece of paper. Round the tables are chairs, and on the tables are slips of paper bearing each the name of a student. He looks around and finds one with his own name. That is his place. He sits down, he examines his pencils and sees that they are in perfect order; he helps himself to some foolscap from the pile in the center of the table; he pulls out his watch and places it on the table before him—he is ready to for the questions and for the battle. He glances about the room. In every direction he meets the eyes of a professor. Where are his classmates, his friends in need and deed? Nowhere; out of sight; scattered round the room! Nowhere can he catch their eyes. The stalwart Soph, so strong in the strength of his companions, feels himself alone, alone in the wide world. He must fight his own battle, and win or fail. A professor hands him his questions with a grim smile. He takes the paper and feels as if somebody put a piece of ice under his collar. He looks at the last question first, and, feeling assured that if he can get as far as that he is safe, he ventures to look at the others. He rubs his hands; sets his mental machinery in motion; thinks; writes. When a professor announces that two hours have passed and that one hour more will be allowed for finishing the papers, he has reached the last question. He calmly finishes it; then looks over his papers to insert an omitted comma, or dot an *i* or cross a *t*. Having finished, he hands his papers to a professor, leaves the room and hastens to his own room. If he is a senior, he opens his mental science to reassure himself that he has made a correct distinction between Reid's and Hamilton's definitions of "mind;" if a Junior, he wants to be sure that he has correctly proved the law of the pendulum; the Sophomore reviews Gauss's equations for the twentieth time; the Freshman is happy if he has correctly written "profetum" and not "profetum;" and the "duck" congratulates himself he has reached the correct solution of a complicated Algebraic problem. Having been pumped pretty nearly dry, physically and mentally, by three days' hard work, the students wait anxiously for the morning, when the results will be announced; and those happy enough to read their names on the fingers of President Gallaudet breathe a sigh of relief, while the less fortunate ones wish they had thought less of the holidays before the examination.

A great deal of talk has lately been made, in the newspapers, of changing the climate of our country by dissecting the ocean currents. An old scheme has been revived to secure the benefits of the warm Gulf Stream for our eastern coast, by turning off the cold current from Labrador, which passes down our coast and pushes away the Gulf Stream. The plan is to build a dam across the Strait of Belle Isle between Labrador and Newfoundland. This, it is thought, would turn the cold current toward Europe, and allow the Gulf Stream to go nearer our shores. If we rightly understand the physical geography we studied at school, but little of the cold water passes through this strait, and its closure would have little effect on the current. The countries bordering on the Gulf of St. Lawrence might be somewhat benefited, but the influence could hardly be perceptible south of Maine. But even if the scheme should be practicable, and if, as is claimed, the cold current could be turned toward Europe, a serious international difficulty would likely arise. For it is not to be supposed that those European countries which now receive so much benefit from the Gulf Stream, would tacitly consent to have their climate rendered decidedly worse for the benefit of a small part of our north-east coast. If any should be disposed to undertake engineering operations for changing the climate of North America, the most sensible plan seems to us that suggested in the *American Architect and Building News*. Any one who reads the weather indications

knows that our coldest winds come from the northwest; and any amelioration in the climate of Alaska and the northwest coast would be felt over the entire country. There is a warm current in the Pacific, larger than the Gulf Stream and quite as warm. This current flows northeast from the China Sea past Japan, and is deflected by the point of Alaska, and returns around the Siberian Coast. A small portion of its water goes through Behring's Strait, but if a larger amount could do so, the climate of Alaska would become milder. Now it appears this could be done. The chief obstructions in the strait are a number of islets. These could be blown up, and, as the channel is two hundred feet deep, the debris might safely be left in the deeper cavities. Such a change would injure no country, but if, as is probable, the temperature of the northern coast of Alaska, and may be of the Arctic Ocean, should be raised, the benefit would extend to all parts of the United States and Canada east of the Rocky Mountains, from Halifax to Florida. It would cost, we do not know how many millions of dollars, but if such a grand result could be achieved it would be worth a great deal.

MINOR PARAGRAPHS.

Three of the old radiators in the chapel have been replaced by others of a more modern pattern, and we hope not to be left in the cold, when the examination days come.

The December solstice occurs tomorrow, the 21st, and after that the days will grow longer.

No snow or ice to speak of here yet, a dandelion blossomed forth on the chapel lawn the other day, as if thinking that Spring had come!

Mr. Lynch will be usher of the Kendall School during the second term, and entered upon his duties last Thursday.

Mr. Larson, '82, writes to President Gallaudet that he has just succeeded in starting a school for deaf-mutes in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He anticipates pretty severe obstacles until he can obtain aid from the county boards, as the parents of his pupils are persons of very limited means financially.

Master Fell, of the Kendall School, might have got his eye seriously injured the other day. He was looking through a hole in a door in the basement, when some body in the room thoughtlessly threw a handful of loose mortar against the door, and some of it went into the boy's eye. He was taken to Dr. Loring, who washed and dressed the eye, and the boy is already a good distance on the road to recovery.

Most of the students will remain here during the holidays. Dandon and Goldberg go home to New York; Lipsitt goes to Philadelphia; Merrick to Wilmington, Del.; E. Adams to Baltimore. A few others think of making short visits to neighboring cities, but probably most will remain to witness the pantomime during the holidays. The committee are busy preparing for the event. The stage is up, and a partial rehearsal has been had. Manager Bryant will give special attention to the shadow pantomime, and Mr. Adams has charge of the open pantomime which will represent College life. The entertainment is to be held on the 30th, and during the evening a voluntary subscription will be taken up for the benefit of the baseball club.

Amid several other errors, compositor omitted a line in our last letter, in which we said that the lower floor of the new Kendall School contains four school-rooms. This makes six school-rooms besides the chapel, but until the increase of the school makes all the rooms requisite for school purposes, one will be used as a visitors' room. The splendid interior arrangement is in a great measure due to the thoughtfulness of Principal Denison, who formed the general plan through the architect carried out the details. It was by his suggestion that the rooms are arranged so that the pupils' desks can have their backs to the windows; and to his credit that the chapel, though well lighted, has not a window in front of the pupils. In building a school, it appears that it is well to consult the wishes of the teachers; for, while it may be impossible to invite the opinions of all, they can make many valuable suggestions, which the architect is apt to overlook. The Kendall School cost only between fifteen and sixteen thousand dollars, while it looks like a twenty-five thousand dollars building. It would probably have cost this amount had it been built under contract; but the small cost is mainly to the credit of Mr. Bryant, Sr., who filled both the offices of Superintendent and supervising architect, and attended to the buying of material. The superior manner in which the building is constructed is also due in a great measure to the efficient superintendence of Mr. Bryant.

One of our physically well-developed foot-ball men has been selected to act as pose for the classes of the city Art League. He says it is harder to stand still ten minutes than to play foot-ball two hours.

One of our professors has bought a valuable English setter for his sons. But one day a market man, after delivering some goods, put the dog into his wagon and drove away, without heeding the demand to stop from the professor's little son. The professor being notified, mounted his tricycle with his son, and after a chase of two or three miles recovered the animal.

Mrs. Denison gave a party to a number of pupils in the Kendall School last evening, the birthday of Mr. Stafford, who boards at her house. Miss Yumans is the latest addition

to the Kendall School. She comes from South Carolina.

The tilt in the JOURNAL between Harry White and Harry Fielding has been watched here with considerable interest. Those who have studied logic are not slow to notice that the latter presents his arguments in a better shape. One young man remarked that Harry Fielding's latest "coat" fits the other Harry like the shirt of Nessus.

Mr. Washburn received a visit the other day from his aunt and cousin, the latter having just returned from Europe. His father also called one day to arrange for going home Christmas, but Cadwallader had decided to stay and see how Christmas was celebrated here, and though his father offered inducements that would make a man stand on his head, young Washburn adhered to his original resolution.

FRANK FRYXELL.

Dec. 20, '85.

FANWOOD.

GEOGRAPHICAL FUN—TOUR AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

What so excited the mind of the boys in former years was a test of the muscles of the body, skill of their arms, legs and eyes in the base ball arena, and other sports that required strength and activity of the body. But there seems to have sprung up an amusement which both educates and acts upon the minds as a test of the superior intellect of the pupils. It is this. A class is challenged to an examination in Geography, etc., and while it will be seen from the subjoined that the questions and answers are of such a character that it causes meriment combined with instruction, it is not wondered that the pupils take a deep interest in contests of this kind. The idea seems to have been originated between Miss Ida Montgomery and Prof. E. H. Currier, and a selection of a few of the questions will give the idea:

1. What jolly Scotch river is in the United States? Ans. Merrimac.
2. What city would be the name of a bird, if the last letter should be taken from it? Ans. Dover.
3. What city of one of the New England States do we always visit on Saturday? Ans. Bath.
4. What island of New England do we stand on, when we get into a carriage or wagon? Ans. Block Island.
5. What city of one of the Middle Atlantic States improves our minds? Ans. Reading.
6. What is the lightest city yet known? Ans. Cork.
7. What cape do our mama's name, when a horse comes near us, or when we are in danger? Ans. Lookout.
8. What cape is always on, when people fight? Ans. Fear.
9. What river of Illinois do we use when we eat ice cream? Ans. Spoon River.
10. What town do we love to drink, when it is warm? Ans. Cold Water.
11. What river of the United States do young ladies and children have on their hats? Ans. Feather River.
12. What three rivers do we use at meals? Ans. Spoon, Fork and Knife Rivers.

STEREOPTION LECTURE.

The following composition, written by Miss Mary Martin, is a better resume of the stereopticon lecture given by Prof. E. H. Currier last Friday evening, than we can produce ourselves, and we therefore append it. It will doubtless be perused with great interest.

We have not enjoyed such a pleasure in a long time, and the lecture on Friday was of much interest to us. Currier proposed to take us on a voyage around the world, not like Jules Verne's in 80 days, but 80 minutes. Of course, the proper thing to show us first was a picture of the world in which we were to travel. It was a beautiful scene, and one of the pictures I liked best.

A steamship, in full sail, riding the waves most gracefully, and all around her the tossing sea, foaming billows. I could almost fancy myself in her and on the way to Europe. Then we saw some pictures of England. The Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, where the coronation and great men of England repose their "last long sleep," Windsor Castle, the Queen's residence, surrounded by trees, was shown, also the House of Parliament, the famous battle of Banquithm occurred was visited, also Melrose Abbey, of which Sir Walter Scott says:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aught, Go, visit it by the pale moonlight."

Blarney Castle, in Ireland, was seen. On top of it is the Blarney stone that—

"Whoever kisses, O, he never misses. To grow eloquent."

But the way by which it can be kissed is so uncomfortable that I would prefer not to grow and be eloquent. We also saw the Giant's Causeway, a wonderful formation supposed to have been thrown there by the Giants in a vain attempt to fill up the ocean.

Crossing the English Channel, we stepped into France and visited Paris, and saw the Arc de Triomphe built by Napoleon and costing \$2,000,000, and the Champs Elysees, and saw the famous church of the church of Notre Dame. In Germany, "Fair Ringen on the Rhine" charmed our eyes, also the Cathedral of Cologne, and we went on from country to country seeing the beauties or wonders of each—the beautiful Gothic Cathedral at Milan, Italy, Belgium's Capital. I must not forget St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, the "mother of nations." In Russia, we saw a beautiful church built by Ivan the Terrible, and this was one of the pictures I liked and remember best.

The leaning tower of Pisa, which has been the subjects of many debates and queries, set us wondering why it did not fall. We saw Bethlehem, the city of David, and thought of Him who was born there in a humble manger and whose birthday we are soon to celebrate, with the beautiful song of the angels ringing in our hearts, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will to men."

When we had visited nearly each country of the Old World, we came back to America, and went to Sacramento, California, and the Yosemite Valley, full of grand and beautiful scenery. After our trip round the world, we saw comic pictures and then pictures of General Grant and scenes, in his life—battle scenes and the last days at Mount McGregor. We saw a very fine picture of him while in the prime of life and vigor. Then came "God Night and pleasant dreams," and the lecture was over, having been fully enjoyed by all.

We all thank Mr. Currier for his "labor of love," and hope Dr. Peet will let us have another lecture before long.

NOTES.

On the 17th, "Hypo" called on us

in the forenoon, and "Ted" in the afternoon.

Bernard Gallagher claims to have been the first Fanwoodite to make a snow-ball this winter. It was on the 18th, when snow fell at a depth of one fourth of an inch.

Miss Lizzie Noble's smiling face was greatly appreciated at the school on the 17th.

Robert Maynard went home last Friday to celebrate the 15th anniversary of his birth, and received a pair of nickel-plated skates.

Rev. Job. Turner was the guest of Mrs. Henry for a few days last week.

Mr. Allabough, of Brooklyn, enjoyed a pleasant chat with Prof. Fox last Sunday.

Miss Clara Woodruff went to see a bride and groom sail for Florida on the 19th.

Wallace F. Howell received a call from his hearing brother, who was accompanied by the steward of one of the Government boats, on the 20th inst.

Many of the boys and girls are going home for the Christmas vacation. Of the High Class, scarcely half a dozen will remain.

W. H. Rose stays home until his departure for London, which takes place about the 23d of January next.

The classical features of John H. Geary are conspicuous in Syracuse, N. Y.

U. G. Dunn and W. H. Fosmire are undecided what to do about it.

Miss Frankie Hawkins will be in Brooklyn at her aunt's, and Miss Annie Austin will hang her stocking at home in the same city.

Miss Georgie Decker may watch for Santa Claus in Montgomery, N. Y.

James H. Caton says that he will participate in Christmas cheer at the old farm in Ulster County.

George Fisher intends to annihilate time and pleasure at his uncle's, in the metropolis.

The City of Churches will receive a large number of the pupils, a portion of whom signified the intention of being present at Prof. Jones' production of "Hamlet" at the Brooklyn Society.

W. F. Darian is slinging type in a down-town printing office and is expected to have a large monopoly of silver dollars before the holidays' end.

William J. Reilly and Julius Wilken both appeared in our midst, wrapped up in "Prince Alberts" very becoming to them, Monday last.

AGUILA.

"Varigraphs" from Indiana.

A class of drawing and painting has been started at the Indiana Institution. Miss Mary Corwin, a sister of W. R. Corwin, is instructor.

N. F. Morrow delivered a very entertaining lecture in the chapel of Christ Church, on Friday evening last, December 18th. The proceeds go to the Gallaudet Memorial fund. A move in the right direction.

The pupils of the Indiana Institution are to have a pleasant surprise in the way of a monster Christmas tree, the evening of December 24th. Supt. Baker sent out circulars to their friends, asking that all gifts be sent to him. Those whose parents are too poor to send them anything will be remembered by the State.

A grand entertainment will be given by the teachers and pupils in the chapel of the Institution on New Year's eve. Carpenters are busy erecting a miniature stage, with drop curtain, and scenery. It promises to be "the event of the season."

One of our Indiana reporters (and one who makes his reports a little longer than they should be) has it that Mr. Jutt had "quite a fall." We beg leave to inform his many friends that there was nothing of the sort, he is quite well and enjoying life at its fullness.

Miss Anna Thomas is spending the winter with friends on Fletcher Avenue, Indianapolis.

Charles Wheeler, of Vincennes, has been quite ill of Typhoid fever, but is slowly recovering.

Miss F. B. Lowe is boarding at home with her mother, this term—39 Broadway, Indianapolis.

We fear "the fortune in Germany" is all in a horn, or is only "a bait" to get "the fly" to walk into the parlor, but we can't most generally always sometimes tell, and then it is none of our business, so we won't squabble here.

"All the mutes are helping him along, etc." Indeed, how very generous they are! We saw "Charlie" and his wee little wife the other day and neither he nor she looked altogether depressed over "hard times" We fear "Rusticus" is a little bit off.

Miss Annie Ross, of Frankfort, is now Mrs. Hiatt.

Miss Helen Vail, of Mekim Avenue, Indianapolis, entertained a party of friends at whist recently.

N. F. Morrow and his shining bicycle attracts a great deal of attention at Indianapolis.

Among the new teachers at the Indiana Institution we notice Miss Ida Kinsey, N. F. Morrow and Miss Stella Coe, all *alumni*.

This is our first attempt at anything of this sort. "Practice makes perfect," you know, and you may hear from us again.

VIRGINUS.

Boston.

Mr. Holmes and his appointed assistant have engaged Mr. John M. Stout, the deaf-mute, of New Jersey, to exhibit his feats on the bicycle, on February 22d, in Boston, in behalf of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, if the owner of the hall should not object.

Mr. Hargrave and his sister won two wedding cakes at the Pythian

Rink, Chelsea, and at the church fair of East Boston, by guessing the number of slices and pounds.

Rev. Mr. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, preached at the Church of the Good Shepherd, and was greatly admired as a very clear and graceful minister.

Misses Roby and Burton, the semi-mutes of East Boston, made a flying visit to Mrs. Burrill, of Lynn, on Sunday. Mr. Hargrave will be in Rockland, Me., this week Wednesday, and will return home on Friday.

Miss Peterson, of Boston (formerly a New York pupil), is expected to attend the Christmas tree under the management of Miss Flagg, on Friday evening.

Mrs. Bowden, of Beverly, will lecture at Alpha Hall, Boston, on

ST. LOUIS.

The Deaf-Mute Club's Ball a Grand Success.

WHO WERE THERE AND WHAT THEY DID.

Poor (?) Old Missouri Leads the West.

STRAY NOTES.

(From our St. Louis Correspondent.)

Laziness, the chief characteristic for which we are noted, was the sole reason for not coming to the front sooner, but the good old maxim "better late than never," induces us to wake up once more.

The late ball of the Deaf-Mute Club was without a doubt, the most successful and pleasant event given by any deaf mute organization west of the Alleghenies; the profits far exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the members. Thanksgiving eve, Nov. 25, was a glorious night with a full moon, and countless stars shining overhead, and the weather almost mild enough to make overcoats a burden to their wearers. With the weather clerk favoring them to such an extent, it was not strange to see the jubilant looks of the members, as they filed into the hall, and proceeded to congratulate each other, etc. Central Turner's hall, where the ball was held, is a good-sized place, but at 9 o'clock when the curtain was "rung up" for the entertainment to begin, there were at least 350 persons on the floor and possibly 400 might be more correct. The entertainment program was: 1. An inn keeper and his troubles with two hard-to-please guests; 2. Our artistic (?) barber; 3. The only original deaf-mute dentist; 4. Recitation in signs of Excelsior, by J. E. Campbell, which brought down the house; 5. Our daisy photographer, and his experience with a green Irishman, and a pair of country lovers; 6. Scene in a restaurant; 7. The deaf-mute doctor; 8. Final address by Messrs. W. T. Stafford and A. N. Merrill. Those who took part in the entertainment were: Messrs. W. T. Stafford, J. E. Campbell, T. J. Brown, A. N. Merrill and J. J. Smith. Each tried his best to make the most of their characters, and succeeded pretty well, if the amount of laughter they created means anything.

After the entertainment, a dozen attaches of the hall quickly cleared everything out of the way for the dancing which followed. The grand march was gone through by about 100 couples in beautiful style; after that came other dances until midnight, when the long line of hungry couples filed into the dining room, where a feast fit for a king awaited them, which was done full justice, too. Then the well satisfied crowd returned to the hall, and dancing was resumed, and kept up till 6 o'clock in the morning, when the happy and also weary throng wended their way homeward.

WHO WERE THERE AND WHAT THEY DID.

Genial W. E. Campbell and his graceful wife spent a few hours early in the evening, talking to numerous friends, but took no part in the dancing or general gaiety, owing to a recent death in their family.

Captain A. H. Kohlmetz was here, there, everywhere in active work required of him as manager of the ball, and made all strangers comfortable; he contrived during the evening to snatch a few brief but delicious moments with the "queen" of his heart.

A. N. Merrill has always been considered a thoroughly good little man, and proved he deserved the title by the attention he showed the ladies, if appearances are to be believed. We wish thee luck on that fishing excursion old boy, and may the "fish" prove more acceptable than any of the many, you have lifted out of Cahokia. Ashbel also helped to sustain the credit of the club as a good dancer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Simpson were all there, and took an active part in the amusements of the evening. Both say they never enjoyed themselves better than on that pleasant evening. Delos helped to make the chairman's responsibilities lighter, and his better half to make things seem brighter to those she conversed with.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stockick and their cherub were noticed among the crowd; the youngster attracted for more feminine attention all the rest of the boys together, and we can't understand the perverseness of female nature in wasting so much affection and sweetness on an unappreciative baby, when there are plenty of older and good-looking chaps around? Mrs. Stockick, in her time, was thought to be the best dancer we have, but did not care to exert herself that night, as she has a "hubby" now, you know.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Guss both voted they were more than satisfied with the ball, and everybody, and wouldn't miss coming for a ten dollar bill—no, really. But, alas, their pride and joy wasn't along with them—kidnapped?

Mr. and Mrs. Edoras Hardin looked as handsome and happy a pair as any one could wish to see. They are very popular with our mutes, and every one who ran across them that evening wanted to know who they were.

From a bachelor's standpoint, the honeymoon has not waned with them yet, as they were as affectionate as a pair of doves. Their family staid home with somebody else.

W. T. Stafford "bobbed up serenely," and greeted every one in a hearty manner that made every new comer like him and old acquaintances to ask him to come out for a little confab; and was one of the most earnest and effective assistants the chairman had. Billy is always to the front in everything.

When "Young Jumbo," Leo Frong, snarled into the hall and stretched his six feet and some odd inches, some people wondered if the club had not engaged a giant as one of its attractions. If by accident the electric lights had gone out we believe Jumbo's two big optics would have been sufficient to light the hall. He also had particular attention to keeping other young gents away from his prize.

Hugh P. Lamb made several of the boys feel like clubbing themselves as he came in with one of the fairest girls on his arm, whom many have sighed for and would die for were, there any show for them. Wonder how such a homely mug can get the inside track of our dudes. Hugh paucostolerable enough to add another feather to the club's pride and show the people we are not all "wall flowers." When brains run against beauty, brains are bound to get there, and don't forget it, ye simple minded lunatics who pride yourselves on your clothes and shape.

J. E. Campbell was the best dancer the club turned out, and danced his way into the favor of at least a few of the fair ones. If Johnny would only apply some buttermilk to his upper lip every morning to make his moustache come to the front quicker, we would predict for him a brilliant career as a ladykiller—as it is Johnny, "bide a wee."

A beet would seem pale by comparison with J. T. Bowe's countenance, when he meandered into the dining-room with a fair girl in tow, and saw over a hundred pairs of eyes levelled at him, and any number of broad grins on the members' faces—then, ah! then, John yearned a mighty yearn for a lodge in some vast wilderness. John claims it was some other fellow's girl who would not take her to supper, because of a lack of shekels, so John took charge her—but isn't it too thin? Our second hand dude, Sammy Perlmuter, was there, otherwise the ball would have been a dismal failure. Sam warbled on his fingers all evening "no one to love, no one to take care of," the reason therefor being some wicked joker told Sam his girl was going to come to the ball with another fellow, and as he was afraid to find out, he waited for the other chap to come with her and the other chap arrived with another girl, and told anxious Sam his girl was at home, as she was waiting for Sam to take her. As that young man didn't ask her, she said, there just happens to be a fellow here to seize his opportunity. Most mutes, who have been there can realize Sam's feelings, and to assuage his grief, he got a way with a dozen two-for-a-nickle "cabbage weeds," made a big vacuum in one of the beer kegs, ere he went home, for which rash act he repented the next morning when his head was larger than the keg he sampled.

Chawles Wolff, another of our pot dudes, astonished the natives with the gorgeousness of his attire and that far named "Kohinoor" that adorns his lily-like finger. Chawles also escorted a fair, yea, very fair mute lady, and was envied as he floated around the floor.

Louis Jacoby is a "lardy dah" young man, and showed it by the exquisite style of his habilliment; and Louis is rapidly getting to be a big favorite with our good looking girls as was evidenced by his having another fellow's darling in charge, which made the aforesaid chap look irefully at him. A duel in prospective may be?

John J. Gill and E. J. McNamara, two inseparable base ball cranks, were observed on the balcony waylaying luckless gents that came within their reach with the very (?) interesting question "don't-cher-no," who is going to win the championship next season. They also exhibited great anxiety not to let any of the girls see them for fear they would steal them.

There were lots of other young, old, bald-headed and long haired gents present, but space won't admit any further description, so we won't mention them, for which mercy they will probably be profoundly thankful.

And now for the ladies, though we cannot say much, as time is short. First, we won't try to describe any lady's costume, for the reason we don't know how to do it.

Miss Laura Lauman, one of the future belles, attracted a good deal of attention, and the young man who gets her is to be congratulated.

Misses Emma Macy and Mamie Nettleton, the two Siamese twins, as usual made a gap in many young gents' affections, but seem to prefer hearing gents to our boys. 'Tis a pity.

Miss Celia Heffernan proved to be one of our best deaf mute dancers and no hearing lady could excel her; added to this she is pretty and charming—very dangerous combinations, as several young gents found out.

Miss Mattie Campbell was one of the bright particular stars of the evening, and at dancing we will back Mattie against any one; and who is hand some and clever, so much so that many a good lad would go a wooing but for the fear she would say him nay.

Misses Annie and Mary McCamley attracted much attention by their brilliant conversation and dancing abilities, and it is a wonder our lads can't see two "plums" well worth the picking.

Miss Gussie Pastow never lacked admirers, and never will till she is yoked for life, and is another of the girls who made the club proud with good dancing.

Miss Annie Thomas made a number of new friends, in addition to the legion she already has, with her quiet, lady-like demeanor, fine dancing and intelligence.

Miss Marcella Broe caused at least one heart to throb more quickly as she spun around in the mazy waltz, and can hold her own with the best of them at that.

Among the many others present we noted: Misses Augusta and Minnie Vassel, Lena Kribs, Sallie Kavanagh—and we beg the rest pardon, for scratch our head ever so much, we can't think of one-fourth of them.

Among the gents: Messrs. Edgar Hazzy and John Krebs, Richard Giblen, and a good many more, not to count in the host of hearing friends we met.

The Deaf-Mute Club has taken the Gallaudet fund matter in hand with a vim and vigor that will make itself heard from ere many days go by. Up to date, poor (?) old Missouri leads the procession of the Western States; but we can't give full particulars just now for lack of time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lienger had the misfortune to lose their oldest son a short time since, and as he was a great help to them, feel his loss all the more keenly; and also came near losing the next oldest at the same time. It is very hard lines to say the least.

"Solid Muldoon's" letters we like, as he knows how to write in a way no chap can come ahead of, when he is in the humor.

Glad to hear our chum George Bond is taking to the same biz we are at, and hope he will make a shining mark in the art preservative.

More anon, and we won't keep anxious friends on the ragged edge for such a long time.

JIM JAMS.

Dec. 12, '85.

Nashua News.

"Spectator" was in error in stating that Messrs. E. H. French and H. F. Brown never won the solid silver medal from the Worcester Levee last year, but his jewelry friend here made it.

Two weeks ago, on Saturday night, J. M. Stout, of New Jersey, was to exhibit in Academy Rink on his Star Bicycle, but this week he will exhibit in Big Rink, in Worcester, Mass., in the evenings and will get a silver pitcher as a present. Next Friday, he will come here to exhibit in the Rink here, and all the deaf-mutes will go to see his performance.

We were very surprised to hear that one of our friends, Edward Randall of North Harswell, Maine, was married to Miss Parkman, last year, in December, who was sick in bed for six months, till the 7th of last June. She died of consumption.

Last Thanksgiving day, Mr. F. D. Blodgett and wife went to Dover, N. H., to visit to their uncle. Frank Damon went home to Amherst, N. H., and had a splendid time.

Some deaf mutes think of going to Worcester, Mass., to their First Levee on the 31st of next December. Their names are Hiram F. Brown, and Marcus M. Brown and Edwin H. French.

Messrs. Blodgett, Damon and E. R. Gay, are talking of going to Amherst, N. H., or some other place this month to fish through the ice.

Marcus M. Brown has had no work for two weeks, but has engaged some jobs this winter. He expects to work in the Lock shop the 1st of January next. This week he has gone to Lexington and Waltham, Mass., to visit his relatives.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

BRADDOCK, PA.

We would let the mutes know at Steelton, Pa., that the Edgar Thomson Steel Works are going to enlarge facilities.

The employees of the Steel Works of this place look forward confidently to an increase of wages the first of next year. They base their claims on the increase of the price of steel rails, and it is also thought the men will be put on eight hour turn instead of twelve, as heretofore. This will give work to a large number of workmen, and with those now at work the outlook for a business boom among the merchants is indeed rather encouraging.

Mrs. Dave Smith, of Beaver Co., Pa., was in this place, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson on Thanksgiving day. Among the visitors who enjoyed the Thanksgiving day at Mr. and Mrs. Davidson's residence were Misses Parker, Pfeiffer, Mr. and Mrs. Friend, Mrs. Smith and Messrs. Cummings, Callahan and Woodside.

There will be a party at Mr. and Mrs. Friend's residence on Christmas.

Mr. Collins Sawhill, of Cleveland, is expected to be here again before Christmas.

GEN. BRADDOCK.

Notice.

Sign services will be held, God willing, as follows:—Christmas Day at 10:30 A.M. The Holy Communion in St. Ann's chapel, South Brooklyn, Sunday, December 27th, at 11 A.M. The Holy Communion in Trinity Chapel, Newark. At 3 P.M., service in Christ Church, Brooklyn, E. D.

COLORADO.

Humpty Dumpty.

LACONICS.

(From our Colorado Correspondent.)

A pantomimic entertainment was given on the 8th inst., by the pupils of the Mute Institution, at Colorado Springs, in the presence of a large crowd. According to the local press, the applause they called out was loud enough to crack the plaster on the walls and even the noise was about enough to stop all the clocks in the neighborhood of the hall.

"Edgar Ravenswood" slings quite high toned literature. It is our honest opinion that he would make an excellent Sunday-School teacher.

Mr. J. B. Simmons, the lad who can usually change a \$100 bill, provided it is not a counterfeit, is in town for a purpose. He is a gentleman, every inch of him.

Do not waste any pity or bread on dumb peddlers those cold days. They are in no wise entitled to consideration from the public any way. Bounce 'em on sight.

H. C. White's article about mute teachers was interesting and to the point. It is hard to down the Far West.

Mr. J. W. Beaton, of Silverton, may now be addressed at Kansas City for at least three weeks. He left last night for that place, taking along with him a card of introduction to "Cactus." The only trouble that Johnnie encounters in getting through life is that he is frequently mistaken for the well known ball tosser, Eddie Dundon.

Elmer A. Ayers, well known in sportman circles, is in New Orleans and will remain there during the winter months.—*Denver Elite.*

The present address of Orange H. Kennedy is Hannibal, Mo. This information is for those who may want to write to him, you know.

It is strongly hinted that J. H. Parvis, B.A., is about to turn a full fledged benedict, the successful lady being Miss Minnie Green. Parvis possesses all the requirements essential to the make-up of a model husband, and having exercised ripe judgment in selecting a true lady for his future wife, his declining years should be surfeited with peace and happiness. To both, S'Doon extends congratulations in advance, trusting that there may be no cares.

The *Sporting Journal*, of Chicago, which copy we have just received, put in the following kindly words for the noted character, Tom Hoggarth:

T. J. Hoggarth the deaf-mute magician, opens the show in Stanhope and Epstein's New Dime Museum. He is a wonderful card trickster and palmer, and is repeatedly encoored.

At the whereabouts of James Ward, who resided in this state some years ago, but is now believed to be in New Mexico. Where is he? [There was a William Ward in Carbonville, N. M., but he is now, we believe, in Youngs town, O.—Ed.]

Tom Warren, an old time free lunch detective, has changed his name to Jumbo. He can punish more beer than the big hant could water.

The Pratt family, who had not yet celebrated their golden wedding, bustled up in business in the San Luis valley two weeks ago. The best half of the family (a speaking woman) took her departure, leaving the mute husband, John, short at least three hundred dollars. Divorce proceedings will be instituted at once.

Charley Kelly will entertain us natives, at his boarding house, with a social hop on New Year night.

Two hundred and eighty arrivals arrived in Denver this week from all parts of the world, for fortune and health-seeking. There would have been one hundred more, had not our city council quarantined against Chicago. Unfortunate Chicago!

A tramp, supposed to be a deaf mute, whose name could not be ascertained, fell from a truck under a passenger car on an incoming train from the east, just as it entered the depot at Las Vegas, New Mexico, on the evening of Dec. 6th. The wheels passed over him and cut his body in two. An inquest was held on the remains by the county coroner, the verdict being in accordance with the above facts. No papers of identification were found on the person of the poor unfortunate, except a book slate and also a well worn scratch book. On the slate was written "Please give me something to eat. I have not eaten any thing for two days. I can't talk," while on the back of a scratch book, there appeared the name F. A. Roter, Junction City, Kansas, to whom a copy of this issue of the *Journal* will be forwarded.

W. D. Cameron, the chronic peddler, who claims Kansas as his native state, is still hanging around in the city. He is the laziest burro in the country, and even is too lazy to wash his face and hands. No sympathy is manifested in his behalf, whatever. We have put the above in such forcible language in hopes that he will make another "roar" like he did when he saw the *JOURNAL* of Nov. 12th. The other night, he said, in your correspondent's presence, that he would give all the money he had to know who the correspondent was, but as nobody wanted to earn five cents, bad enough to see him done up in a few seconds, they would not point us out. Peddler Cameron would oblige the "boys" by answering the following questions: Did he not run or attempt

to run away and beat the proprietor of the St. Louis House of Leadville? Did not the muscular Jack Scott take him back from the depot by the collar, and did not the police search him, and take what money he had, which was the magnificent sum of \$1.35, and then return it to him to leave the city with and "knock the door"? We are informed that he can hit it harder than he can any thing else. Now, Cameron, it won't cost you a nickel to whip us. If you can do us up as you think, we will pay your fine with pleasure, and we are only feather weight, the latter we merely call ourself, because we stand fully six feet, and tip the beam at nearly 190 pounds. The next thing we expect to see is a challenge in the *JOURNAL* stating your willingness to fight the *JOURNAL* correspondent. Let him come, old peddling "chaw." We are here!

We close this letter now, as our candle is about to expire. A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to ye all.

SOLID MULDOON.

DENVER, 12-16-'85.

Jack and Jill and the C. L. and B. U. Reception.

The arrangements for this event, which comes off on Tuesday evening, December 29th, have been quietly but vigorously going on for the past month, and to those who intend to be present to those who are still undecided, we presume a few hints on the affair will be appreciated.

Doors open at 7:15 P.M., precisely. Performance commences 8 P.M. sharp.

If you have not secured your tickets already, by doing so before the 29th, will dispense with an unnecessary delay at the box office, and secure for yourself whatever choice seats are for sale by the members. After the 27th, tickets will not be sold again until the evening of the 29th at the box office.

Hats and wraps can be checked either before or after the performance. Positively no hats or wraps allowed in the gallery or on the floor during the reception.

Persons holding box coupons, will please present same, as no one but those holding coupons will be admitted to the gallery during the performance.

When the Usher has shown you to your seat, remind him if he forgets, that he has not returned your coupons and retain same. This will avoid any confusion in regard to holders of reserved seats.

After the performance, all will please retire from the hall, as the floor will be immediately cleared for dancing.

Ladies who desire to see the pantomime, but don't care to remain for the reception in need have no hesitation coming without an escort. The utmost courtesy will be shown them, and they cannot but enjoy "Jack and Jill."

That the affair will be a success, we don't doubt, as the committee of arrangements have spared neither time nor money to make it eclipse all former entertainments of the Union, and from Manager J. F. O'Brien, we learn the pantomime will itself be equal if not superior to those given on the professional stage.

We respectfully request ladies, who may come to see the pantomime, to leave at home their "boroughs gains," unless it is they can be used as opera glasses, for the party behind is as desirous to see the performance as those who hold seventy-five cent seats.

Supper will be served in the Hall at city prices, the arrangements in this respect excel that of any other hall in the city, so those who generally step round the corner need have no occasion to take the pains that evening.

In conclusion, we extend to all a most cordial welcome, assure all who come they will enjoy themselves; and as the committee have taken great pains to meet the requirements of everybody a most enjoyable evening may be looked forward to.

Respectfully,

W. G. POWNALL,
Chairman.

He was not shot.

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 19, 1885.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Finding that false reports have been made and circulated extensively against me, and especially that I was shot wounded and died some time in August, 1880, at Hot Springs, I have procured the following affidavit which shows the report entirely in error. This completes my efforts for showing your readers and those engaged in the instruction of deaf-mutes, what I had to contend with at Delavan, Wis., in the years 1878-81. Parties who tell untruths, are immoral and liable to go the whole length of the category in badness, and even formulate falsehoods of badness to injure others and to strengthen their own standing. I was a long way off and giving little heed to newspapers, or I would have given the public notice of the falsehood before.

That affidavit in Wisconsin has cost that State some \$200,000, and will now do to pass down the ages of time.

C. L. WILLIAMS.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF BOWIE.

This is to certify that C. L. Williams, to me well-known, did personally come to De Kalb, Bowie County, in good bodily health in the town of May, A.D. 1880, and remained in town as a citizen, until September A.D. 1881; and during that time he was engaged in no shooting scrape. Nor was then any effort made by the brother of any woman to shoot him. Nor was he even wounded during that time in any such manner; and also I know he did not go to Hot Springs during that time, and that his conduct during that time was that of a steady, industrious gentleman.

W. S. PROCTOR, EX-OF. NOTARY PUBLIC,
COUNTY OF BOWIE, TEXAS.

Cincinnati.

"TODD," ATTENTION!—NOTES AND COMMENTS.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

Arti Rep was right in what he said about mute printers. The *Vis-a-Vis* correspondent was evidently writing just to "fill up," and his remarks; except as to the typographical appearance of the Institution papers compared with *Vis-a-Vis*, were no good. A school teacher, who knows the business, is just as competent to teach type setting as the supernannated composers, who were foremen of the Ohio school office at the time I was supposed to be learning the trade there.

I have noticed with surprise that Harry White has openly used the word "principle" without drawing down upon himself the wrath of Todd, who said once that people who talked principle could not define it from a tater. Now, Todd, I regard this as unjust discrimination. A youngster has just as much right to have principles as a gray-bearded professor with a complete set of wisdom teeth, and you have not done the right thing by me, Todd.

And, Todd, I have something to say to you. As soon as the high monkey-monks here were informed that the photograph matter was settled, the tide of opinion against the Gallaudet Memorial Fund turned, as I think I hinted it might. At the regular meeting of December 19th, the memorial was the subject of discussion. Otis Vance told what the Gallaudet Club, of New York, the Clionia Society of Columbus, and others had done, and called for expressions of opinion. Joseph H. Vance moved that twenty-five dollars be contributed to the Society, and his motion was amended by Otis Vance, to read seventy-five. No one spoke adversely, and on being put to vote the motion was unanimously carried, and the money is now in the hands of the sub-agent, Mr. Barrick. Then some one remarked that our knowledge of the person for whom the memorial was intended, was rather limited, and a resolution was adopted inviting Prof. Robert Patterson, of Columbus, to deliver a lecture on the subject some time in January. Mr. Patterson will no doubt accept. This you see that after silently bearing the alleged victimisms of our smart Allocated correspondents for, lo! these many years, the Society has quietly and effectively refuted the charge of "economy," and too great love for wealth, which have frequently been brought against it. Chicago will please take notice. We are not done yet, either. If Mr. Patterson consents to come, an admittance fee of twenty-five cents will be charged, both to members and non-members. Not a single person will get in free. And when Mr. Patterson has got us warmed up to the right temperature, some private pocket books will probably melt, and if he don't carry back at least one hundred dollars, it will be his own fault.

Now, Todd, have you any more remarks to deliver on "horse sense"? If you have, will invite you to make them before the society. I think I shall have nothing more to say on the subject, and hope Todd is satisfied that my views on human nature were not quite so ridiculous as he first said. The society has decided to give a masquerade ball sometime in February, and a committee has been appointed to attend to it, consisting of Messrs. Hahn, (Chairman), Rieker, Freers, Luning, Schutte, Bierlein and Otis Vance. As usual the Committee is larger than necessary. As there is not much time, they will have to rush things. This will be their second attempt at a mask ball, they having given one in February, 1884, which took place on the night the great flood was at its height, lamp light, as the gas works were under water, and with other serious drawbacks, and yet they came out just even, no money being lost. If another flood doesn't come up to interfere, they will probably have a neat balance to put in the bank, especially as there are now no factional rivalries, no soreheads to stand off and refuse to help. Yes, now we are a "band of brothers."

Joe Kelly has left the place where he had been working in company with John Hahn for some years past, having secured another situation in the same line—"bed polishing," that is, polishing slabs of marble on a large revolving horizontal wheel. There have been at least a dozen mutes working with Hahn at different times.

There will be no parties or entertainments among the mutes on Christmas, as far as can be learned. Each will amuse yourself as he sees fit. The writer hopes to receive a visit on that day from Preston Stevenson, the great magician and caricaturist, of Kenton, Ohio, and it is likely that Mr. Burdes, now foreman of the shoe machine department at the Western Pennsylvania Institution, will spend the holiday vacation at home with us.

Your reporter had some other items, but has to go attend a committee meeting, and as he will be fined if not there not time, he must, as Christmas is coming, and cash must be saved therefore, speedily get him upon a street car to be watched "over the Rhine."

To all my fellow correspondents (Todd included,) and to any readers I may have, let me extend the best wishes of the season, and also to hope that with the coming of the new year profound harmony may continue to reign between himself and ye editor.

A happy new year to all.

FREE LANCE.

CHICAGO.

A Lecture.

SPLINTERS.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

A mass meeting of the deaf-mutes living in and around Chicago was held on the 10th. At the Pas-a-Pas Club room, in the Y. M. C. A., to celebrate the birthday of Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet.

Prof. Emery was requested to give us a lecture, but as we found him sitting too long on the fence, Mr. Dougherty was requested to take his place, and he gave us a very interesting lecture about the Iliad and Odyssey. From indications, it seems that Chicago will contribute about \$100 to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund as her mite.

The dashing young bachelors of the South Side are sad at heart, for the fair young damsel, Miss Cora B. Gunn, who has year by year brightened up their lonely existence, has departed for Jacksonville to fill a vacancy in the corps of teachers at the deaf and dumb institution.

Mr. Geo. T. Dougherty, the world famed Chicago chemist, received a monstrous petition from the spot in far away Minnesota, whither his dreams nightly wandered, petitioning him to make a visit to the Classic Halls of Minnesota on Christmas.

Accordingly to Detective White's reports, dumb peddlers have not been seen for an age within the gates of Chicago, and they have grown to be curiosities to the natives.

The little fleeing boy, unto whom "Solid Muldoon" had the good graciousness to liken your humble scribe, was a striking counterpart of the old block himself in the late "Solid Muldoon" vs. "Jim Jams" controversy.

"Cactus's" support of "Free Lance" was certainly uncalled for, and from the tone of "Free Lance's" correspondence, we infer his services were not anxiously needed. We know "Free Lance" demanded an explanation of the Garfield Bust Photo. for the sake of others, without feeling any direct interest in it himself. We view all excuses for not contributing something to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund on the strength of not having received the Garfield Bust Photo., mere excuses for empty purses. It would be more manly for the grumblers to say, "I have no money."

Interesting "Cactus" no doubt is, but we would like to see his wonderful reasoning ability. We have not seen any thing of it, but we will be magnanimous enough to say to his credit that he has a wonderful dexterity at jumping off tracks. Miss Sophia Bowes, a very respectable lady of Michigan City, died on the 9th of Oct. She was a sister of Mr. E. N. Bowes and her funeral was the largest one ever known in that quiet town.

An advertisement appeared in the Chicago *Tribune* some two weeks ago, to the effect that deaf-mute lady teachers were wanted in St. Louis. Salary, \$600.

Thanksgiving Day passed off in the usual way, and nobody failed to do that degree of justice to the esteemed turkey.

A reception was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kingon, in Pullman, on Thanksgiving Day, to a select party of deaf-mutes. The absence of your correspondent from town prevented him from being present, but from reports it seems to have been a grand affair.

A weather beaten and dusty traveler, looking quite respectable in his long duster this cold winter, was colared about a week ago by Detective White as he was alighting from a freight car. To establish his respectability, he produced a recommendation which runs as follows:

"CINCINNATI, O., October 15th, 1885. 'My Dear "SOLID MULDOON," of Denver, Colorado:

Oriental Thieves.

Though it was in February, it was a warm night in Bombay, and I slept with my window open. The window was really a door opening on a balcony which extended quite around the hotel. Every story was provided with a balcony, and every room had a window similar to mine. I locked my watch and other valuables in my trunk, with the exception of two or three dollars' worth of small silver that I left in my trousers. My bunch of keys was between the mattresses in the middle of the bed, and I flattered myself that any thief who wanted to invade the trunk would be obliged to wake me and ask for the key before he could get it. The moon was shining, and when I went to bed a strong breeze was blowing from west and rushing pleasantly in at the window. The day had been a weary one and I retired soon after nine o'clock, and I was not long in falling asleep.

Dreaming that I was having a struggle with brigands on one of the mountain roads of India, I awoke suddenly about eleven o'clock and raised my head slightly from the pillow. The foot of the bed, was toward the window; my trunk stood against the foot of the bed, and my clothes were lying upon the trunk. Something white was fluttering between me and the window; I thought it was the curtain agitated by the wind, and fell back satisfied that my dream was without a cause. No, I was not quite satisfied, and taking a second look, discovered, that what I had mistaken for the curtain was the figure of a man clad in the white frock which is the universal garment of the native servant in India. My waking had disturbed him, and he was making for the window. I endeavored to catch him, but he had the start, and, beside, I was impeded by mosquito netting that surrounded the bed. By the time I reached the window he was out of sight around the corner, and I realized that pursuit was hopeless. He could have led me around the hotel as many times as I chose to follow, and I might as well have tried to catch him on a race course as on that balcony. Furthermore, he had the advantage of climate, knowledge of the balcony, possibly of youth and flexibility of limb, and certainly of avoiddupis. So I returned to my room, struck a light and investigated. The rascal had thoroughly gone through my garments. Every letter in my coat had been opened in his search for bank notes; the little odds and ends of things a traveller carries in his pockets were scattered on the floor near the trunk, and I silently thanked him for leaving those trifling articles, which, though useless to him, were valuable to me. Pocket scissors, pinhook, eye-glasses, cigar case, pen-knife, toothpicks, all were there, and also a *bag of small coins*, as he had said to take mine. The small silver was gone, and so was my pocket-knife, and my loss was of little consequence.

The second room from mine was occupied by a captain in her majesty's service in India, and I had previously seen that his native servant slept on the balcony. The captain stayed late at his mess, generally reaching the hotel after midnight. I thought of the servant, and after finishing the inspection of my clothes, returned to the balcony. The captain had not come home, as the light of the full moon showed his room to be empty. The servant's bed on the balcony was tenanted, and as I looked at it I saw some white spots on the dark flooring by the side of the bed. Examination revealed several coins, and I gathered round the spot all, or nearly all, my missing silver, but found no trace of the knife. Satisfied that I had ascertained the thief, I returned to bed and slept soundly. The next forenoon I told the captain of my adventure. He listened with great attention, and then said:

"If you are positive it was my servant I'll discharge him at once. I've had him six years, and do not know that he has stolen anything from me; but those Indian servants will be entirely honest with their employers, and protect them from robbery, while perfectly ready to steal from anybody else. We trust them with everything—money, clothing, jewelry and all else. If they steal at all from us it is only in small and regular sums, say a rupee or two a week, and it is very rarely that you hear of a servant absconding with his master's money in a lump. But while my man is faithful to me, I've not the least doubt he would rob you, and if you say it was he that entered your room I'll discharge him, as I said before."

"But that I cannot say," I answered. "My case is one of testimony without evidence. I can only declare it was native, in native dress. I've hardly been long enough in India to distinguish the individuality of these people at a distance, especially under the circumstances. I can't identify the man, and your servant can remain undisturbed in place."

"Thank you," said the captain. "I should regret losing him. Suppose we take a peg to better acquaintance?"

A "peg" in the Anglo-Indian vocabulary means refreshments, and the polite invitation could not be refused, as the sun was waxing hot. And while we were engaged in the deglutition of the twin pegs in the Esplanade hotel the captain hinted that it was very fortunate for me I did not overtake the robber. "He would have put a knife into you without the least hesitation," he continued; "and these fellows are very skillful with that weapon when their safety depends upon its use. Next time you find one of them in your room don't

do anything more than frighten him, and if you pretend to follow, give him plenty of chance to get away. You can thus save your reputation without a risk of harm, as he'll make the best possible use of his heels and you could catch a monkey about as readily."

I accepted his advice and determined to follow it, but did not have any subsequent occasion for putting it into practice.

The captain told of some of the exploits of the native thieves, and assured me he was speaking the words of truth and soberness. I am certain of the latter, as it was his first drink that day. "You may have heard," he said, "that an Indian thief will steal the sheet from under a sleeping man without waking him. The story sounds ridiculous, but I know it's true, as I lost five pounds on a bet that it could not be done, soon after I came to India. I made the bet with the senior captain of my regiment, and the only stipulation was that I should not harm the thief in case of waking suddenly while he was at work."

"The sheet on which I slept was marked so that it could be positively identified. Before going to bed I examined it carefully, and on getting up in the morning saw the sheet was still there. I smiled triumphantly, and already felt the five-pound note in my fingers, when there was a rap on the door. Opening it, I received a bundle from the hands of my senior's servant, and opening the bundle, I found the marked sheet. Then I looked at the bed and found another sheet. My bet of five pounds was lost."

"We breakfasted at the mess, and I paid the wager I begged an explanation of the trick avowing that the knowledge would be worth the money. The senior readily told me, and since then I've more than made myself even by making the same bet with newly arrived subs."

"This is the way it is done. In summer in this hot climate you never have any covering beside your pajamas or sleeping dress. You lie on the sheet, which is spread on the mattress, and take any position you choose. Mosquitoes are abundant, and the buzzing of these pests is too frequent to be noticed. The thief comes to your bedside armed with a feather. He imitates the buzzing of a mosquito, and at the same time tickles you with the feather until you turn to one side of the bed, but without waking. When you are beyond the middle of the bed he gently rolls the sheet until it is close to you, and then he goes to the other side of your couch and with a buzz and feather at length causes you turn the other way. When you have rolled yourself clear of the sheet he gathers it up, and if he is on a real plundering expedition he is off at once. But when we make a bet with our friends we generally have another friend in the place of the stolen one, which is done by a continuance of the process I've described."

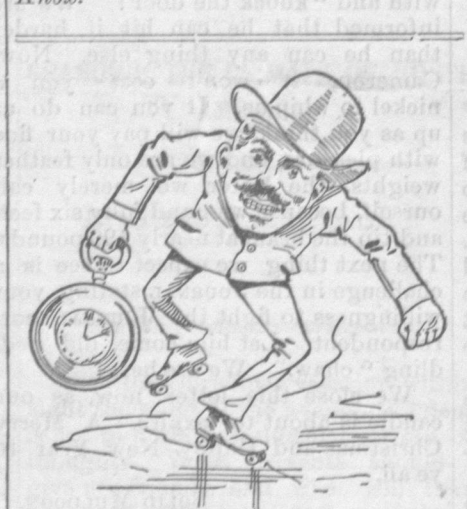
"Suppose you have a white or gray horse. A thief will steal it, and a few days later a roan or bay horse will be offered you by a dealer who has heard of your loss. Perhaps you buy the animal, and set your eyes to scrubbing him. Out comes the color, and you discover that you have bought the property which was appropriated from you, and has been skillfully dyed. The horse may be stolen while the eye is asleep at his side. Two men work together in horse stealing, and while one imitates the action of the animal in pulling the halter and stamping on the ground, the other leads away the prize. I need not say that the work is performed by men who have had a good deal of experience around horses, and in nine cases out of ten they are sycos or grooms out of employment. Before starting on their expeditions they grease themselves from head to foot, so that in case they are seized they cannot be held. You have a proverb which says 'slippery as an eel.' It applies admirably to East Indian horse thieves."

"There is a story of an officer who used to put his writing-desk under his pillow. It contained his papers and money, and he felt sure it could not be taken without waking him. One morning it was gone, and he had not been disturbed. He offered ten rupees to any one who would tell him the trick was performed, and it was explained to him. The thieves had observed his care for the box, and concluded it was worth stealing. They crept silently to his bed-side, and one of them slipped his hand under the pillow and held up the officer's head until his confederate had removed the desk. Then the head of the sleeper was allowed to go down so gently that he was not awakened."

"They rob houses by tunneling under the walls or making holes through them large enough to admit one of the robbers, who passes the plunder outside to his confederates. These fellows work in gangs that are held together by fearful oaths, and they rarely betray each other. One night a gentleman, near Madras, heard some robbers digging a tunnel under his house, and sat down to meet them. An opening was made, and a man came through. As he saw the owner he dived into a hole and tried to escape, but the gentleman was too quick for him. He seized the fellow's legs and held on in spite of the grease. The man's comrades pulled at his head and shoulders, but to no purpose and finally they ran away and left him with the gentleman, who discovered that his prisoner was headless. Fearful of his identification, or that he might turn state's evidence to save himself, they had cut off his head and carried it away with them. One might say in the words of the old

woman in Scotland who was telling how the chief of her clan beheld: "It was nae mooth of an head, to be sure, but 'twas a sair loss to the purmon." But I must be off to the barracks at Colaba. Good morning."

And so we separated.—Thomas W. Knox.



(COPYRIGHT 1885 BY ROGERS, PEET & CO.)

The above sketch was originated by our deaf-mute salesman, MR. A. L. THOMAS, whose artistic conception is intended to cartoon the roller rink craze and to illustrate our presentation of a WATERBURY WATCH AND CHAIN, which goes with every sale of \$12 and over. This holiday gift is intended chiefly for our boy patrons, but is given alike to men and boys.

Aside from an immense stock of men's and boys' clothing, we sell a variety of articles suitable for gifts, such as house robes, smoking jackets, silk mufflers, fine handkerchiefs, gloves and suspenders, umbrellas and canes, travelling robes, toilet cases, hand bags, etc., etc.

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FOURTH ANNUAL RECEPTION

OF THE

CATHOLIC LITERARY

BENEVOLENT UNION

OF DEAF MUTES,

AT THE

Lexington Avenue Opera House,

58th Street bet. 3d and Lexington Avenues.

Tuesday Evening, December 29, 1885.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

TICKETS (including admission to Reception and reserved seats) according to location: 75, 50 and 25 CENTS EACH.

The play will be under the management of John F. O'Brien.

The hall is one of the finest in New York City, has been used by all the leading amateur dramatic companies, and is specially adapted for entertainments of this kind. It is within easy reach of all the elevated and uptown horse-car railroads.

The merits of the pantomime, we leave to the judgment of the critics who may be present. Our stage manager, Mr. James Williams, is a gentleman capable of handling an entertainment of this sort, and to whom is due much of the success of the pantomime given in Xavier Hall last year.

First come will be first served. So those desiring choice would do well to make their purchase of tickets as early as possible, and thus, besides insuring a good seat, do away with having to wait at the box office on evening of entertainment.

The reception will be given at 10:30, and will prove as attractive as any of our previous affairs. Supper will be served in the hall at city prices, ranging from 25 cents to as high as persons ordering same may desire.

Persons desiring to engage private boxes or boxes in gallery, should address Chairman as below.

Tickets can be secured in advance by applying to W. G. POWNALL, 75 South 10th Street, Williamsburg, or from any of the members and at the JOURNAL office.

Further particulars given later.

Committee of Arrangements.

W. G. POWNALL, Chairman.

JOHN LEVITT, J. F. J. TREACH,

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46,800 cards are to be sold out immediately. As far as we know, no further attempt will ever again be made to publish such a handsome souvenir!

Deaf mutes will do well to take the stock now at its present low rate.

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We take pleasure in announcing the publication of a most useful and interesting Education in the United States, which will at once commend itself to all interested in that subject. It consists of a card, 6 1/2 x 9 1/2 inches, beautifully executed in

Eleven Colors and in Gold.

The design shows, among other interesting subjects; a portrait of

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET

founder of the first school for the Deaf in America; a view of

THE HARTFORD SCHOOL

AND

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,

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THE MANUAL ALPHABET,

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Exquisite Bouquet of Roses and Violets, and a blank space for the insertion of a name. Nothing of the kind has ever been offered to the public, nor has anything at once so beautiful and so useful ever been sold for the trifling sum asked for these cards.

OPINIONS OF IMPARTIAL CRITICS.

From The National College.

E. M. GALLAUDET, Ph.D., LL.D., the President of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., says: "The design is a pleasing one and the combination of colors very good."

FROM THE EDITOR OF "THE ANNALS."

PROF. E. A. FAY, of the National College, writes: "I have looked at the card you sent Dr. Gallaudet, and think it is in very good taste. The combination of colors is harmonious and the general effect is pleasing."

PROF. HORTON, of the National College, gives his opinion of the design, thus: "If you will only supply the irrepresible class of deaf-mute peddlers with it, in place of the worthless pictures they now sell at exorbitant prices, you will do a good deed, and a public benefactor."

FROM THE HARTFORD SCHOOL.

MR. JOB WILLIAMS, Editor of the American Asylum for the Deaf ("dear old Hartford"), says: "I think the cards are neat and tasteful. *** Your idea of a prize card of this nature for those who are accustomed to give prizes is a good one, and you have carried it out well."

THE Philadelphia Institute.

MR. JOSHUA FOWLER, ex-Principal of the Penn. Inst. for the Deaf, writes: "I do not think that my judgement in regard to work of an artistic nature is worth much, but my opinion as to the merits of this card is certainly favorable."

PRINCIPAL A. L. E. CROUTER, thus speaks of the work: "I consider your card the best of the kind I have ever seen. Every deaf child should have one, and all persons desirous of learning the manual alphabet should hasten to become the possessor of one or more of them. I predict a great demand for your card, and congratulate you upon the taste and skill with which it has been prepared."

Western Pennsylvania Institution.

ACTING PRINCIPAL G. M. TEEGARDEN, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, writes: "I will say the card is the best of the kind I have ever seen. The design is pleasing and artistic; the letters are well formed and in proper position. *** It is a beautiful card, and I have no doubt will be gladly received in every family where there is a deaf member."

The Ohio Institution.

PRINCIPAL PHATT says: "I am pleased with it, and should think it would find a ready sale. Nicely framed, it seems to me that all who go from the institutions would like to have it."

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET writes: "Your 'Gallaudet Prize Card' is the most beautiful and satisfactory production of its kind I have ever seen. I trust it will come into general use throughout the country."

The Pennsylvania Association.

REV. HENRY W. SYLVE, Pastor of the Deaf-Mute Parish in Philadelphia, and President of the Pennsylvania State Association for the Deaf, writes: "The card you have designed forms an elegant epitome of the progress of the education of the deaf in America from its origin at Hartford, under the first Gallaudet, to its culmination in the college, under his youthful son. The design is graceful, and the coloring remarkably delicate and harmonious. It would form a pleasing memento for any one benefited by or interested in such education."

The New England Association.

PRES. JOHN T. TILLINGHAM, of the New England Gallaudet Association, speaks his mind, thus: "I am very much pleased with the card. The alphabet is the best I have ever seen."

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its name, and the changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jubring, Pres.; Edward McConville, First Vice-President; Jacob Swartz, Second Vice-President; Charles E. Green, Secretary; J. P. Ijama, Treasurer; S. B. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is 63 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Martin Aronson; Corresponding Secretary, S. Schlamm; and Recording Secretary, J. W. Wilson. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, 10th California Building, at 10 o'clock. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 10th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President, 10th California Building, at 10 o'clock. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at Pender's Hall, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:00 P.M. J. H. Vance, 201 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, Ohio, President; Phil Thimmes, Lick Run, Cincinnati, Secretary.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Class E. Shattuck, President, and Daniel Paul, Jr., is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1026 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The Committee consists of the following: Thomas Brown, President; Almo Smith, Treasurer; and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its meetings are held on the second Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 145 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The officers of the club are: President, E. W. Campbell; Vice-President, J. T. Bove; Treasurer, Hugh Lamb; Secretary, William Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McLaughlin; Address, Secretary at 147 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis mutes and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. T. Campbell; Vice-President, J. T. Bove; Treasurer, Hugh Lamb; Secretary, William Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McLaughlin; Address, Secretary at 147 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their consent; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; A. W. O'Brien, Secretary; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee. Secretary's Address, 36 Charlestown St., Boston, Mass.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 336 West 41st Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now offered by John T. Tillingham, New Bedford, Mass., President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John P. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. Hunt for Maine; J. E. Livingston for New Hampshire; Robert D. Livingstone, Connecticut; P. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Mesdian, Vermont; and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is formed in 1886. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Alfred H. Boudinot; 2d Vice-President, Jacob Gottschneider; Treasurer, George Kinsey; general Secretary, Robert T. Bailey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Houel. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Robert T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street, Newark, New Jersey.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is a non-sectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 228 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon for holding services. Bible Class every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, President; William Bailey, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer; P. W. Packard and George Mackintosh, Committee; W. K. Bigelow, L. J. Harris, George Pease, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is to promote the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, Vice-President; J. P. Cleaves, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 68 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold regular meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street, at 8 o'clock on Wednesdays, every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 68 Pride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE FIRST GRAND ANNUAL LEVEE

OF THE WORCESTER COUNTY

DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN UNION

WILL COME OFF IN WORCESTER,

On Thursday Even'g, December 31, '85,

AT REFORM CLUB HALL,

460 Main Street.

No pains will be spared to make this one of the grandest times ever held here or elsewhere. There will be many different games played to win presents; one from each State will be the players.

Changes are to come as follows as all should study them:—1st, Soap Bubble; 2d, Dumb Band; Game of Checkers; 4th, Game of Dominoes; 5th, a hanging Apple; 6th, the Ten Commandments; 7th, spelling and signs, etc., all joined together. Also there is a large adjustable Easy Chair, a great comfort for Gents or Ladies.

The Ice Pitcher will be on exhibition for two weeks before the Levee in one of our well-known jewelry stores. Remember this will be one of the nearest levers ever held, as no tickets will be sold to any person in the habit of indulging in intoxicating drinks, etc. No attempt will be made to reduce car fares, as the car fares are already so cheap, but hall admittance is reduced from 50 to 25 cents.

Admission to Hall, 25 Cents.

Children under 12 years, 13 "

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HENRY M. HOWE, MAGGIE CUTLER,

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